

IT'S A PAYING MINE

Says Mr. Frye of That Gold
Find Near Washington.

SAWYER'S BIG INVESTMENT

Now Paying Fast Dividends—His \$60,000
Investment Surprised His Friends
at Its Good Returns.

It may be a source of surprise to receive the information that there is a gold mine within ten miles of the dome of the Capitol. Nevertheless, it is a fact that there is a paying gold mine just above the Great Falls of the Potomac river. It has been known to a limited number for a great many years that gold existed in that section. The little stream that skirts the foothills and enters the Potomac river just above the Great Falls contains a great deal of gold, which is gathered as it washes over the gold-bearing quartz ledges of rock above it. For a hundred years or more it has been customary for the heads of families, in a rude and primitive manner, to go out on a handful of the golden sand whenever any young lady was about to be married. Just a little bit of gold would be put in the city and made into a wedding ring for the occasion. Wedding rings from the little stream above the Great Falls are scattered all over the state of Virginia today. They are kept as precious heirlooms in the families in which the young ladies have married. The people who have known that gold exists there, for at least a hundred years past, either did not know how to handle it or else they did not believe that it was to be found in sufficient quantities.

About eight years ago a big tunnel was made for our government from the Great Falls of the Potomac to the city, and at that time it was noticed that, about a mile or two to the side of the falls, the tunnel passed through several ledges of white and rose-colored quartz which appeared to contain gold in some uncertain quantity. This fact revived interest in the existence of quartz gold mines and the New Maryland mine was sunk. Gold, however, was not immediately found in paying quantities, and the mine was eventually abandoned. It now appears that if those miners had only used a little more headwork in their search for gold, and sunk their shaft a little more to one side or run out tunnels in a slanting direction a little way from the bottom of the shaft, they would have been more successful and might have found that mining in Maryland can be made profitable.

Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, purchased a large tract of land in the vicinity of the forsaken Maryland mine and placed it in charge of Dr. Kempster, the celebrated scientist, who has been the family physician of Senator Sawyer for a great many years. Work was resumed in the neighborhood of the old mine and it has been demonstrated that gold can be found there in quantities sufficient to warrant a large expenditure of money. There are now some half dozen mines in the country to the north and east of the Great Falls, and it is current rumor that the owner of one of them has just been offered more than a quarter of a million dollars for his hole in the ground and the land around it.

And here we have been buying and selling town lots at so much per square foot, struggling to make a little more money every year by speculating on surface ground, when, as a matter of fact, right within our reach there are great quantities of gold-bearing quartz and we all should have been out in the mines instead of at work building a city. That is, if money is the chief end of man, and it seems that it is in the national capital. But the work of mining has commenced at last and activity and life are rife in the vicinity of the mines. Some of the more hopeful buyers



THE FIRST GOLDSEEKER.

one of land and diggers in the ground seem to think that before a great while the mountains of Maryland will be supplying the American market with gold and have a little left over for export trade. A man in these gold mines in Maryland is neither interesting nor instructive, because all paid mines are alike. They are merely great holes in the ground with the earth removed and the rock ground to powder in search of the little yellow particles which are regarded as of exceptional value by the commercial world. The great holes in the ground which are found in Maryland above the Great Falls of the Potomac are no more interesting or picturesque than the holes in the sides of the Rocky mountains, long since made famous by Mark Twain. First Dicks and other writers concerning the gold mines in the mines on the frontier. I did not see Ah Sin, Tashah James, Yuba Bill, nor any of the celebrated gentlemen written about as experts in the mining days of twenty years ago in the far west. There are two great holes with shafts in them and big windlasses above to lift them up from the depths when full of rock.

The manager of the mine was polite enough to offer me the privilege of going down into either one of these holes in the big bucket; but a series of ladders runs down the side of one of the shafts, and I went down that way. The descent was about fifty feet, and at the bottom I found that a subterranean tunnel a couple of hundred feet in length, connecting the two shafts, had been made. The workmen were busily engaged in digging tunnels and following the veins of gold-bearing quartz in various directions. These miners have had no previous experience in gathering the precious metal. They have been, except one of them, engaged in mining coal in the mountains of West Virginia and Pennsylvania. They like this new work and are becoming very much interested in the study of the quartz. The manager of the mine is an old and experienced practical miner, who says that he never saw a better prospect for big paying work in all of his life. He intends to follow all of these gold-bearing shafts in every direction, even if they lead down to China. A great many tons of quartz have been taken out and carted to a stamp mill, where it has been joyfully apparent that the rock contains gold in paying quantities.

At either end of the tunnel connecting the two shafts a number of men are at work with the pick and shovel on a mass of quartz which has been blasted out. They handle the product more carefully than they used to do when they were quarrying coal, and are careful about the bits of pieces that promise a particularly rich yield. Nearly all of these miners are colored men, and it



A MODERN GOLDSEEKER.

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THE OLD LOG STABLE.

Do you remember that stable, boys?
The one with the deep straw thatch.
When the upland larks and thrushes between,
And when door and latch?

Do you remember that stable, boys?
When spring brought a warmer sun,
And while we tacked in the kindly rays
When would you part us again?

Do you remember that stable, boys?
And the rings of fragrant hay,
Where so oft we met on moonlight nights
With the neighbor boys to play?

Do you remember that stable, boys?
And the stories of ghosts so white,
And you had to pass by the graveyard lone
To your home in the winter light?

Do you remember that stable, boys?
When the ground was cold and bare
And we sat a while with the old hay knife
And folded the little there?

Do you remember that stable, boys?
When the snow was drifting down,
And the inmates dumb from the blinding storm
Were safe and sound asleep?

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into the room behind the shop and took up a small box, on which there were pasted New York labels. Returning, he opened the case of the clock, no doubt to regulate the movement.

Within the promised time it was placed amid the rich furniture of Locard's dining-room.

Around the table, from which, point upward, a goodly array of bottles stand, Locard and his old friends drink, laugh and sing.

Eleven o'clock, the silver bell records the hour. What a voice—a song, rather! One could listen to it through the whole night. Midnight—the voice puts forth all its delightful power.

Attention! One, two! Light the punch! The flame, this, goblin like, over the surface of the bowl, lapping it with upturned tongues of yellow and blue. The sugar frizzes. Now put out the lamp. Huzah! Huzah! The clock is going to strike.

No, it speaks.
"Jacques Locard! Jacques Locard!"
"Eh! Who spoke? Who said that?"
"Jacques Locard! Confess! Confess!"
"Locard! Locard! What jest is this? How very pale you are!"

The voice sounds as if it came from the cellar.

"Jacques Locard, you are a murderer!"

"It is false! Who has dared to say that?"

"Jacques Locard, it is you who killed old Lierrret! Assassin!"

There are cries, groans. Locard has risen to his feet—lost, mad. He clutches at his cravat to tear it from his strangling throat. The voice still pitilessly continues—veiled, distant, as if coming from the tomb. It repeats the word "Assassin."

Locard falls upon his knees, rises and falls again.

"I confess! I confess!" he cries. "Yes, it was I who killed the old man, and robbed him; but let that horrible voice cease."

It did not stop, but went on repeating its dreadful denunciations with the persistence of a machine in motion.

"It is the clock that speaks!" screamed Locard, seizing it, shaking it, dragging it from its place, casting it upon the floor. The works were scattered, and in their midst was seen a small cylinder covered with metallic paper.

Lierrret, who had heard all, sprang into the room through the open window and seized Locard by the throat.

"You are all witnesses that this man is the murderer of my father!" he cried.

Murder will out; but men who take the lives of their fellow men for gain always think their cunning more than a match for proverbial wisdom. So thought Locard, and had not seven years' impunity justified his estimate of his own cleverness? No; it had only put him off the guard which the murderer must never for a moment cease to keep. The police had utterly failed to track him down—had not even associated him in any way with the crime; yet there had been a detective at his heels, as he now saw with horror.

A few years in the army do one of two things—sharpen or deaden the wits of a soldier; they sharpened Lierrret's. The failure of the police left in his mind a deep and bitter disappointment. His father had been cruelly murdered and robbed, almost in the light of day—a kindly but undemonstrative man, respected by all his old townsmen, who was never known to have made an enemy, who had many friends—Locard among the number. Who but one of his friends could have known that he had, by the merest accident of circumstances, the whole savings of his life in his possession that day, in view of an advantageous investment, to be completed on the morrow that never came for him? No stranger could have known of this.

No stranger? That idea haunted Lierrret's mind day and night and goaded him to action. Step by step he pushed on inquiry. Bit by bit he came upon the history of all his father's old friends and associates, and at length suspicion pointed to the sudden and vaguely explained uprising of Locard, nearly simultaneous with the old clockmaker's assassination. There was the murderer's false reckoning of chances; too eager for the enjoyment of his murder stamped gold, he surprised his acquaintances by his ostentatious display of means, but Lierrret he provoked to make inquiry as to their origin.

Still the proof, the legal proof, eluded the young man's search, though he had come close enough to it to satisfy the instinct of his heart, while the persistence with which Locard, who had been an almost daily visitor to his father's house, avoided him was in itself a confession. It was at this stage of his search for justice that the idea of laying a trap for the criminal came into his mind.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting barrister, "you see here of what social utility is the progress of science. Was it not a trait of genius on the part of a poor clockmaker to have utilized, by adapting it to the mechanism of an ordinary clock, that immortal invention of Edison's—the phonograph?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

ALWAYS ADMIRER IT.

CLARA—Did you get my Christmas card, dear?

LIERRRET—Yes and I have always admired that card so much. I told Elise I was down when she sent it to you last year that I thought it was so pretty.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Artificial teeth are so much in use nowadays that it took 60,000,000 to supply the demand last year.

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ON THE PANE.

"THE NOVEMBER IS A FATAL DAY!"
In the old November days,
When the warmth had left the air,
When the birds had hushed their lays,
Stood a maiden tall and fair—
Shed slowly but surely,
This old-fashioned window seat.

Like some figure just stepped down
From an old-world picture frame,
In her quaint dress of gown,
Tire and train of courtly days,
Following diamond point and ray,
Treading the "Ah! fatal day!"

Wan her face beyond her years,
Drawn by sorrow's hidden deep,
Lazily her eyes with willing tears,
While her heart too sore to weep,
Held one pain and wrote for aye
Three short words: "Ah! fatal day!"

None may guess what weight of woe
This fair maiden's shadow bore,
Why, then, idly seek to know?
Long years past her weird was o'er,
Let a half-sweet mystery play
Round that dated "fatal day!"

In the dull November days,
When the sky with stormy rock all,
When the sun's weak victory rays
Strike the low Virginia hills,
We forget the lapse of years,
Once again the scene appears.

Still we see the maiden stand,
With her face so fair, so white;
Still we see the trembling hand,
See the slender fingers write:
Know that in her life's sweet May
Came an crushing "fatal day!"

—Albert Payson Terhune, in Harper's Bazar.

—Description on a window-pane in Williamsburg, Va.

SANTY CLAUS.

Wish that I was little now, to stay so far
as while,
With no bother, 'ere 'tween all the day;
For life went pretty easy when I worked for
mother's smile.

An' the lewies didn't last as long as play.
How I used to write to Santa all the long-
in's of my days,
While the freight danced an' flickered on the
floor.

An' watch the letter fly up the chimney in a
blaze!
But Santa doesn't bark me no more.

I knowed that Santa'd bring the things I
wanted, of 'em good,
An' I used to be as chipper as a bee;
An' I'd do my chores up lively, totin' pails and
spittin' wood.

Ther' wan't no young unpleasanter then
me.
But now I'm old and saddened, and when
Christmas time is